

For M. Reed.

11781.C.41

DRAMAS AND POEMS.

BY T. HARPLEY.

DRAMAS AND POEMS

L. T. HARRIS



D R A M A S

AND

P O E M S,

BY

T. HARPLEY.

K

LIVERPOOL:

PRINTED BY H. HODGSON, CASTLE-STREET;

AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCC.XC.

D R A M A

P O E M



PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

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P R E F A C E.

THE flattering success that the Burletta of the MILLINERS, and the GENIUS of LIVERPOOL met with on their representation, added to the solicitations of my friends, have induced me to present the subsequent Pieces to the World.—What respect they may be received with, the event alone can determine.—I know very well how arduous a task it is for a young poetical Adventurer to succeed in his first efforts; yet the flowers that never bud can never blossom.—I have therefore presumed to put forth my tender buds; tho', perhaps, in the most inclement season poetry ever experienced in this kingdom: Where we have so many Critics, and so few good Poets.—However, there is one thing that must

operate in my favor ; I have not prostituted my pen in a bad cause.—I have not sought applause in the paths of licentiousness or vice, but to the utmost of my power, endeavoured to promote morality and virtue.—There is not one piece in the collection of a dangerous or immoral tendency ; I therefore can defy the most ill-natured Critic to condemn the principles, let him be as severe as he will on the execution of the Pieces.

He may say my diction is weak, my measure unharmonious, and my images ill chosen, if he please ; but he cannot say, that I have not drawn a just distinction between virtue and vice ; consequently I must stand acquitted in the eye of justice of the charge of ill design ; and if the indulgent Public will give me credit for my good intention, I shall always be happy to remain,

Their faithful,

And much obliged

Humble Servant,

5 JY 62 T. HARPLEY.

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E R A T A.

- Page 1 of the Triumph of Fidelity, for *palce*, read place.
— 65 for *lose* their *sway*, read lose their way.
— 83 for oft *hath* drawn, read oft have drawn.
— 93 for *securely*, read obscurely dwells.

5 JY 62

THE
MILLINERS;
OR,
FEMALE REVENGE.
A BURLETTA,
IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIFFANY, *Shopman to Mrs. Blond.*

HENRY, } *Sailors and Brothers to Harriet.*
GEORGE, }

COUNTRYMEN.

MRS. BLOND.

HARRIET, } *Journeywomen to Mrs. Blond.*
NANCY, }
SALLY, }

COUNTRY PEOPLE, &c.

SCENE—*The Country.*

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T H E
M I L L I N E R S, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

Enter HARRIET, NANCY, and SALLY.

HARRIET.

I THINK three Women always can
Find art enough to match one Man,

NANCY.

Yes, one a-piece, if I may guess,
For I should hate to match with less

SALLY.

And so should I: yet I must own,
I should not care a pin how soon
I was match'd, if the match was good.

NANCY.

Pray, do you know a Girl that wou'd?

HARRIET—(*Sings.*)

Now if I protest I am partial to no man,
Perhaps, you will hardly believe me a Woman;
But faith, 'tis a truth not a Soul can disprove,
I never yet met with a Man I could love.

I've Suitors incessantly after me jaunting,
But something or other in all of them's wanting;
Yet what it may be, still to me is unknown,
But 'till they can find it, my heart is my own.

SALLY.

Why then you never felt that smart,
Which gives the palsy to one's heart;
Sets it a flutt'ring, panting, sighing,
As if one almost was a dying.

NANCY.

I very well the reason know,
She never had a saucy *Beau*;
To flatter, frolic, toy, and tease her,
And try (with all his spite) to please her.

HARRIET.

Such Booby might my passion move,
To scorn and hatred;—not to love.

NANCY.

That, Harriet, is a downright fiction;
For all our Sex love contradiction,

HARRIET.

Faith, I should love that creature best,
Who contradicted me the least.

SALLY.

Your arguments do plainly prove,
You never felt the force of love.

HARRIET.

I never did. But Nancy, now
Tell us how it affected you?

NANCY.—(*Sings.*)

At first I conceived a notion,
That I was most strangely possess'd;
My heart with such violent emotion,
Kept jumping about in my breast:
It flutt'ring, it heav'd, and it panted,
Nor could I it's terrors assuage;
So like a caught Linnet it wanted,
To beat it's way out of it's cage.

At length by a mystic sensation,
Which made all my faculties move;
I found 'twas that marvellous passion,
That plague of a pleasure, call'd love!
I foolishly try'd to suppress it,
But luckily tried in vain;
For all must allow who possess it,
It gives us more pleasure than pain.

HARRIET.

So much for love! but we must change
Our subject, and pursue revenge.

SALLY.

We first must have your Brothers here.

HARRIET.

Behold where they already are!

[*Enter GEORGE and HENRY.*]

GEORGE.

How does my charming Nancy do?

HENRY.

And lovely little Sal?

NANCY and SALLY.

So, so.

HARRIET.

Now tell us, Brothers, if you've got
All things in order for the plot?

HENRY.

Wait 'till the tell-tale Sun turn in,
And Evening's pitchy watch begin;
For under her dark awning, we
Shall do, what day-light must not see.

GEORGE.

Else looby Hawbuck, will, mayhap,
A law-suit on our shoulders clap.

NANCY.

How do you mean the Fop to treat?

[7]

GEORGE.

With something that he cannot eat :
A Yankey habit that is all.

NANCY.

What do you Yankey habits call ?

GEORGE.

A hide well tar'd and feather'd o'er.

SALLY.

And will you serve him so ?

GEORGE.—(*Sings.*)

Ay sure !

When a British Sailor enters,
At his King's, or fav'rite's call ;
Bold and undismay'd he ventures,
Thof' he in the service fall :
Sailors scorn to shrink from duty,
Tho' furrounding perils rise ;
Staunch to honour, fame, and beauty,
Ev'ry danger we despise.

In our Girl's, or Country's quarrel,
We resolve their fate to share ;
Sink to shame, or gain the laurel,
Due to love, or due to war :
Damn the dog, that basely flinches,
To preserve his coward breath ;
May he meanly die by inches,
At the gang-way flogg'd to death.

Enter TIFFANY, dressed like a modern Coxcomb.

TIFFANY.—(*Aside.*)

O, how I hate those savage Tars!
I'd rather meet two Russian Bears;
Or any other monst'rous things,
That move by feet, or fins, or wings.

HENRY.

Hip! horse-marine! sheepshanks, what cheer?
What damn'd foul weather drove you here?

GEORGE.—(*Smelling at him.*)

Why, what a curfed sick'ning smell,
The scented rascal stinks like hell;
Musk, lavender, or some perfume,
Spreads such a hogo thro' the room
I scarce can breathe; here, dumpling-head!
Open your hatchway, take a quid.—(*Offers one.*)

TIFFANY.

Avaunt! salt Porpoise! touch me not!
Have you no more politeness got,
Than to assault me on my duty,
With brandish'd fist, and fingers sooty;
Stain'd with tobacco, tar, and grease,
The nasty odour makes me sneeze.—(*Sneezes.*)

GEORGE.

How he palavers, Hal! did'st hear!
About tobacco, grease, and tar?

Loving the dung of Civet Cat,
Better than pig-tail, or beef fat.

HARRIET.

Sweet Mr. Tiffany, declare
The import of your business here?

TIFFANY.

By Mrs. Blond's command I came,
Briefly to ask you in her name,
Whether you mean from work to stay,
And waste your time in idle play;
Or back into her service go?

GEORGE.

No, Master Petticoat, no, no!

HENRY.

'Till your unship'd, tell the old Maid,
Not one of them shall rouse a thread.

TIFFANY.

Are these your orders, Ladies, pray?

NANCY.

Tell her, 'till she send you away,
Not one of us a stitch will set:

TIFFANY.

She soon may other Women get,
As good, perhaps, and better too,
E'en than the very best of you.

C

[10]

GEORGE.

Don't you so fast pay out your slack,
Or I shall douse your topfails, Jack.

HARRIET.

Inform her, we shall ne'er consent,
To alter from our first intent.

TIFFANY.

Your pertness, Miss, will do no good ;
But you were always bold and rude.

GEORGE.

Your anchor, milkfop, is a-peak,
Heave out, or I shall clear the deck.

[Exit TIFFANY.]

HENRY.—(*Sings.*)

By Jove! 'tis a shame past forgiving,
Such overgrown Apes to allow,
To bilk the poor Girls of their living,
By doing what women should do :
O'erhauling caps, lappets, and laces,
A duty for Females but fit ;
Who now are turn'd out of their places,
These lubberly dogs to admit.
How shameful to see fellows standing,
Hats, bonnets, and cloaks decking out ;
Who ought some ship's sails to be handing,
Or lugging a musquet about :

I think all such finikin wretches,
For signals, should petticoats wear;
To shew they've dishonor'd their breeches,
By stealing the bread of the Fair.

GEORGE.

The time, I reckon, now draws nigh,
For us to meet with Tiffany.

HARRIET.

As soon as it is dark, I know
He must to Lady Tippet's go.

GEORGE.

Well, if he chance that way to steer,
We'll grapple with him, never fear.

[*Exeunt* GEORGE and HENRY.]

NANCY.

O, how I shall enjoy the joke,
It will so charmingly provoke
The old Duenna.

SALLY.

So shall I.

HARRIET.

And Mrs. Blond, I'm sure will cry.

NANCY.

She may discharge her minion then,
And not give Women's work to Men. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Mrs. BLOND's.*

TIFFANY and Mrs. BLOND.

Mrs. BLOND.

Pert saucy fluts! they well deserve,
For their impertinence to starve;
For putting me to such a stand,
When I have so much work in hand.

TIFFANY.

Take my advice, to London write
For other girls, this very night.

Mrs. BLOND.

Yes, that I will; but be so kind,
To say where I shall good ones find;
Chaste, prudent Girls, mild and sedate,
Who will not with the fellows prate.

TIFFANY.

Such, Madam, you will hardly meet,
In Tavistock, or Cranbourn Street;
For in this gay, coquetish age,
The shyest Females will engage,
In sportive prattle when they can,
With any smart, or fav'rite Man.

Mrs. BLOND.

They will not suit my service then,
My Girls shall never prate with Men.

TIFFANY.

O, Madam! you must change your mind,
 A Woman's tongue can't be confin'd;
 Our country's laws, both grant and teach
 To all, the liberty of speech.

Mrs. BLOND.—(*Sings.*)

When I was young, and in my teens,
 I never knew such vicious scenes,
 As are in fashion now a-days:
 You could not then a Female meet,
 But what was modest, wise discreet,
 And scorn'd all roguish wicked ways.
 If e'er a Man accosted me,
 (Tho' Men would never make so free
 By half, as they do now a-days:)
 I, blushing, answer'd with a frown,
 How dare you, Sir! you shan't! have done!
 I scorn your roguish wicked ways.

Or if a man did me embrace,
 I squall'd aloud, and smack'd his face;
 But Girls won't do so now a-days;
 They'll flirt and frolic, romp and kiss,
 Nor care how rude a fellow is,
 O fie upon their wicked ways.

TIFFANY.

Few Ladies, Madam, do possess

Such prudence.

Mrs. BLOND.

That, Sir, I confess;
But now I think the time is come,
For you to take that band-box home.

TIFFANY.

I'm ever ready when you please.

[*Taking the Band-box.*]

Mrs. BLOND.

Be sure you don't the Bonnet squeeze.

TIFFANY.

Madam, you need not be afraid,
Seven years I serv'd to learn my trade;
And I can do it's ev'ry part,
With judgment, ease, care, taste, and art,
As well as any other Man.

Mrs. BLOND.

Yes, Tiffany, I know you can;
But I admire your judgment most,
When you of modern patterns boast;
To make some ancient *drug* go off,
For charming fashionable stuff.

TIFFANY.

By men of real skill in trade,
Endless excuses may be made,
By modest manners, not too bold,
To get an old stock fairly sold:

By boasting of their worth and fashion,
As beyond equal in the nation;
Or to sell off *below prime cost*,
By which we often gain the most;
For people love the name of cheap,
And hope much benefit to reap,
From those who fail, (as fate runs cross,)
Or *starve by gain, to live by loss*.
But by and by you shall know more,
Your very humble *Serviteur*. [Exit TIFFANY.]

Mrs. BLOND.—(*Sings.*)

I would it were the fashion,
For Men to learn to sew;
No Female in the nation,
For me a stitch should do:
The sluts might all go where they wou'd,
And get their livings as they cou'd:
I'd not employ one Woman then,
But have my business done by Men.
[Exit Mrs. BLOND.]

SCENE changes to a Field.

HENRY and GEORGE, disguised in Waggoner's Frocks.

HENRY.

This is the way the fop must steer,
Hark, George! egad, he's coming here.

GEORGE.

Could he but prophecy his doom,
He'd haul his wind, and steer for home ;
But he approaches, let us now
Fall back a little, and lay to.

HENRY.

Silence, good Brother! let us mark
The motions of this trim built spark.

*[They retire, and TIFFANY enters with the
Band-Box.]*

TIFFANY.

I do not like this way at all,
Each step I take I'm fear'd I fall,
Or set my foot upon a toad,
Or meet some ruffian on the road :
This work would better far agree
With Girls, than timid Men, like me;
They take no harm from colds or frights,
Being us'd to trudge about at nights ;
While we behind our counters stay,
Scarce blown on by the breath of day.
Lift! what is that? I thought I heard
A noise; Lord blefs me, how I'm scar'd.

[HENRY and GEORGE come forward.]

GEORGE.

That palsy carcase, I believe.

TIFFANY.

(Dropping the Band-Box)

Oh, spare my life most gracious thief!
And taking my money, cloaths, and watch,

HENRY.—*(Seizing him.)*

Ay, they will serve to pay Jack Ketch,
For tucking up a Woman's foe.

TIFFANY.

Thieves! murder! thieves! help, help me, oh!

[They force him away, which ends the first Act.]

ACT II.

SCENE continued.—Enter TIFFANY as tared and feathered.

TIFFANY.—*(Sings.)*

Was there ever a spark,

So ill-fated as I;

To be seiz'd in the dark,

And I know not whom by?

Sure such shameful abuse,

Was ne'er heard of before;

Oh, I look like a goose,

They've so feather'd me o'er.

Ah! what am I to do,

D

For I can't shew my face,
Folks will laugh at my woe,
And enjoy my disgrace:
All my honor is fled,
I for anger could cry;
O, I wish I were dead!
But I'm not like to die,—[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment.

Enter HARRIET, NANCY, and SALLY.

NANCY.

When Men upon our rights infringe,
Shall we to their invasion cringe?
No, ev'ry Man who treats us ill,
The force of our revenge should feel.

SALLY.

Tho' mankind are form'd by nature,
Bolder, stronger, wiser, greater;
All those powers (by Heav'n's direction,)
Were ordain'd for our protection;
To defend, improve, caress us,
Not to injure and distress us.

HARRIET.

Yes, to be sure, the mighty elves,
Are wond'rous kind to their dear selves:
But let's to Mrs. Blond's repair,
My Brothers are to meet us there,
As soon as they have done the deed:

NANCY.

They'll urge, no doubt, their utmost speed.
So come along, to fortune trust,
We've nought to fear, our cause is just. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Mrs. BLOND'S.

Mrs. BLOND.

Plague on those saucy jades, say I,
For hating honest Tiffany;
But here they come, three pert bold faces!
Far more like *Gracelesses* than *Graces*.
Well, creatures! you look melancholy;
Are you convinced of your folly?

Enter HARRIET, NANCY, SALLY, HENRY, and
GEORGE.

HARRIET.

Madam, if you are now at leisure,
We come to know your final pleasure;
Whether you will discharge your Man,
And let us work for you again;
Or whether you mean him to stay,
And part with us.

Mrs. BLOND.

Mark what I say.
He shall not from my service go.

GEORGE.—(*Aside.*)

Than that, I think, I better know.

HARRIET.

Indeed you must have a hard heart,
Not to espouse your sex's part,
Against those bold intruders, who
Usurp the business we should do.

SALLY.

Like felon Wasps, who basely drive,
Us weaker Bees from our own hive;
To rob our scanty treasur'd store,
And all our little stock devour.

NANCY.

While we are driven far from home,
To meet, perhaps, a wretched doom;
Compell'd from Virtue's paths to fly,
Or crush'd by want, unpitied die.

Mrs. BLOND.—(*Sings.*)

You think if you whine and complain,
'Twill move me to pity your cases;
But trust me, your arts are in vain,
You shall not return to your places;
What, not have a Man in my Shop,
I might just as well shut it up,
As not have a Man in my Shop.
I hope you'll allow me to know,
A little respecting what trade is;
No female can please like a *Beau*,

In putting off goods to the Ladies :

What, not have a Man, &c.

The Widow, the Wife, and the Maid,

Are neither so coy or reserved ;

But like to encourage the trade,

When by a smart fellow they're served :

What, not have a Man, &c.

[*A great noise within.*]

Mrs. BLOND.

Hark ! what a noise !

The GIRLS.

What can it be ?—[*Enter a COUNTRYMAN.*]

GEORGE.

We'll ask this fellow.

COUNTRYMAN.

Mean *yaw* me ?

HENRY.

What is that uproar in the street ?

COUNTRYMAN.

If *yaw wad know*, begone and zee't.

Mrs. BLOND.

Describe it's figure if you can ;

Doth it resemble Beast, or Man ?

COUNTRYMAN.

Nay, by my *saul*, I'se sure it's no Man,

It either *mun* be Beast or Woman ;

Or both, mayhap, for such a creature,
Was never zeen before in nature.

COUNTRYMAN.—(*Sings.*)

Some *fawwls* doth conceit it's the Man o' the Moon,
Come here in a what do ye call't, a Balloon;
Some think it a Beast from a Showman got loofe,
And others *woll* have it an overgrown Goose;
And say as it's feather'd it must be a Fowl,
But they might just as well call a Turkey an Owl.
Some say it is this thing, and some it is that,
But not one amongst them can rightly tell what;
I thinks I can gues, for I've heard of wise Hogs,
Monkey-Men, and *Men-Monkies*, learn'd Horfes
and Dogs;

And other strange Monsters, but this is I *know*,
A wild-born-human-being, or monst'rous Crow.

[*A great noise again.*]

HARRIET.

The noise, I think, draws very near.

COUNTRYMAN.

Why, Wench, it's like, it's coming here.

Enter TIFFANY, with a crowd of people.

[*The Females shriek aloud.*]

TIFFANY.

Thank Heav'n, I've reach'd my home at last!

Mrs. BLOND.

Stop, stop the Monster! hold it fast. [*They stop him.*]

COUNTRYMAN.

It talks as plain as *Sterling*, Pie, or Jay;
But that it learn'd in coming o'er the sea,
Yet one should always give the *Deel* his due,
Tell us old Dame, an it belong to you?
Else it *mun* be the Lord o'th' Manor's right,
And he, good soul! shall have it home to night.

Second COUNTRYMAN.

It is a Fish, sure as the day,
One of those Fish call'd Calapé;
With Flesh and Fowl mix'd in it's parts,
And I'll be bound for't has three hearts.

Third COUNTRYMAN.

Faith, I should like to see it drest;
Let's save it 'till the Mayor's next feast;
'Twill make a noble luscious treat,
For Corporation Men to eat.

TIFFANY.—(*Struggling.*)

Confusion seize this rabble rout!
Vile wretches, what are you about?
Unhand me villains, let me go.

First COUNTRYMAN.

The Monster's got *how-come-you-so*.

TIFFANY.

I am no Monster, Fools! not I.

Second COUNTRYMAN.

I tell you Mr. Beast, you lie.

TIFFANY.

Death and destruction! I shall die;
Wretches my name is Tiffany;
I am that very Lady's Man,
Let her deny it if she can.

Mrs. BLOND.

If thou art Tiffany, relate
Why art thou in that frightful state.

TIFFANY.

A gang of thieves! oh, cursed shame!
Seiz'd me, and made me as I am.

Mrs. BLOND.

I hope the Band-box is secure.

TIFFANY.

Yes, where you'll never see it more.

Mrs. BLOND.

Why, then the Hat and Cloak are lost;
But you shall pay me what they cost.

TIFFANY.

I'll you for damages indite,
For sending me from home at night;
Nor will I in your service stay.

Mrs. BLOND.

Out, saucy varlet then, away!
My patience can no longer bear
With such a Coxcomb as you are.

TIFFANY.

Curse on your business, and your place,
That brought me to this foul disgrace;
But from this night I'll give it o'er,
And never carry Band-box more.—[*Exit.*]

First COUNTRYMAN.

Come, Neighbours, let us gang away,
And not with Fools and mad *Fawlk* stay.

[*Exeunt* COUNTRY PEOPLE.]

Mrs. BLOND.

How grossly have I been deceiv'd,
Who always stedfastly believ'd,
That he was innocent, and mild,
As harmless Lamb, or sucking Child;
But I'm resolv'd to change my plan,
And ne'er employ another Man.

HENRY.

That's bravely said! your words impart
Unbounded rapture to my heart.

Mrs. BLOND.

Come Girls, let us be friends again.

GEORGE.

And may you ever friends remain!

The GIRLS.

With all our hearts,

E

HENRY.

I give you joy !

GEORGE.

And may you never want employ.

Mrs. BLOND.—(*Finale.*)

One half of the world are by fashion's vain rules,
To seem very wise, made ridiculous Fools ;
But I am convinc'd in despite of the *ton*,
'Tis better to change, than persist in the wrong.
I know that a Man in a Milliner's Shop,
Can neither make Hat, Bonnet, Tippet, or Cap ;
When made, they can prattle and sell them no
doubt,
But Girls can both make them and sell them to
boot.

FULL CHORUS.

Then let ev'ry Man, a Man's duty attend,
And never to female employments descend ;
But each occupation of manhood prefer,
And spurn at the name of a *Man-Milliner*.

THE END.

5 JY 62

EPILOGUE.

WHO'E'ER defends an injur'd Female's cause,
From ev'ry Woman must obtain applause.
So thought the Poet, when at first he enter'd
Into the service of our Sex; and ventur'd
With dauntless hand, to wield the hostile pen,
Against the upstart tribes of worthless Men:
Worthless I say, as only meaning those,
Who (by profession) are our Sex's foes:
Those finikin, unmanly, base-bred Fops,
Who spend their lazy lives in tending Shops;
Boldly encountering with herculean grace,
A Roll of Ribband, or a Card of Lace;
Or with undaunted souls, and bodies stout,
Retailing Pins, or pulling Gauze about;
As if the brawny Arm that well might wield
The pointed spear, or bear the massy shield;
Or limbs athletic, form'd for puissant toil,
Would in the act of manly labour spoil.
Such are the Characters our Author chose
If possible, to shame; if not, expose;
In hopes to quell that scissors-handling passion,
And drive Men-Milliners quite out of fashion.

5 JY 62

T H E

TRIUMPH OF FIDELITY.

A DRAMA IN RHYME.

5 JY 62

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANLY, *a naval Captain.*

CRABTREE, *an old Country Justice.*

DUPLEX, *late an Officer of Marines.*

MURPHEY, *an Irish Sailor.*

MRS. CRABTREE.

HONORIA, *Daughter to CRABTREE.*

BIDDY, *a Servant.*

T H E

TRIUMPH OF FIDELITY.

A C T I.

SCENE—*The Country, with a Village at a distance.*

Enter MANLY, disguised as a common Sailor.

MANLY.

SIX years have laps'd, since near this rural palace,
I last beheld my dear Honoria's face ;
When, jointly, we invok'd the Powers above,
To hear our vows, and witness to our love ;
We join'd our souls, and both devoutly swore,
No change of fate should ever part them more.
I have been constant—and Honoria too,
(I dare not doubt) hath also kept her vow :
Yet I an harmless stratagem will try,
By this disguise, to prove her constancy :
If she can love me in this humble dress,
My rank declar'd, can't make her love me less ;

And I should scorn her if that rank had power
To raise her pride, or make her love me more.

AIR I.

Love's an arbitrary God !
When he once obtains possession,
Soon he makes each yielding passion,
Crouch to his despotic nod :
Mars down all discrimination,
Levels every rank and station ;
And with absolute controul,
Leads in chains the captive soul.

Enter MURPHEY.

MURPHEY.

Hip! brother Sailor! whither are you bound?
Ah, tell me Honey.

MANLY.

No where.—I'm a-ground.

MURPHEY.

And so is Cogan Murphey; but I fear
I've lost my reck'ning; Shipmate can you steer?

MANLY.

Unfurl your sailing orders, and I'll try
To tell you where your wish'd-for Port doth lie.

MURPHEY.

That will I do, and thank your great good nature,
For sure myself is no ungrateful *Crater*;

Then yesterday at one o'clock at night,
 I sail'd from London; all my tackle tight,
 Fit for the cruize; to pass without reproach,
 From any Passenger on board the Coach.
 Aloft I mounted, ('tis a Seaman's pride,)
 And nimbly clap'd the Pilot alongside;
 So under his safe convoy this way bore,
 'Till half an hour ago, or rather more,
 We saw the Port that I was bound unto,
 One mile a-head, upon our larboard bow;
 I straightway landed, but I've lost my way,
 For I'm no Sailor on an inland Sea;
 So Brother tell me whether North or South
 My course must be, or if it must be both?

MANLY.

What is the place call'd that you want to find?

MURPHEY.

Arrah, I fear I've left the name behind!
 No, *fait*, I've found out something just the same
 on't,

Sure Citron Village is the christen'd name on't;
 Where lives my countryman, an Irish Boy,
 Who hither came to make his fortune, joy,
 And he has done it by his own confession,
 Only I'm come to help him to possession.

F

MANLY.

You know the man?

MURPHEY.

Yes, *gra*, no *Crater* better ;
I never saw him tho'—but here's his letter ;
Take it my boy, and overhaul what's in it,
Then you will see my business in a minute.

[MANLY reads while MURPHEY sings.]

MURPHEY.

An Irishman sure is a marvellous *Crater*,
In front like a Fortrefs, a Main-mast in stature,
So valiant and stout, he's the bulwark of Nature,
No Man (dead or living) can with him compare:
As *Bacchus*, when drunk with rich Whiskey he
staggers,
Like *grate* Captain *Mars*, he struts, bounces and
fwaggers,
Or like the Lad *Cupid*, his eyes are Love's dagger's,
That pierce all the *saft* little hearts of the Fair.
To see him full rigg'd, with the *Shamrock* adorning
His Hat, on *St. Patrick's* own day in the morning,
Your *George's*, your *Andrew's*, your *David's* all
fcorning,
Would make every eye in your Body to stare :
To see how he talks to the Ladies in glances,
So skilful he is in love-tricks and romances,

He captures their souls, while he tickles their
fancies,
And steals all the *fast* little hearts of the Fair.

MANLY.

Well, I've your letter with attention read,
You're come to swear one Fred'rick Manly's dead;
Where did he die, inform me if you can,
If 'twas in India, I might know the Man?

MURPHEY.

Yes, sure it was.—Ah, you're a Jewel, Honey;
Let's splice our oaths, and share the bounty-money.
A noble prize! *fait*, Twenty Pounds a-piece;
Heave me your grapp'lings Boy, we'll take no less.

MANLY.

Avast, my friend, you run too fast a-head!
Suppose this Manly should not yet be dead?

MURPHEY.

Let him be dead, or let him still survive.
If he's not here to swear he is alive,
What will his life avail? It can't revoke
The thing once done, 'twill but encrease the joke.

MANLY.

Then will you swear to what you do not know?

MURPHEY.

Yes, to be sure! that's what I'm hir'd to do.

Ah, you're a filly inexperienced youth,
Who ever hires a Man to speak the truth?

MANLY.

Then you would ship yourself to serve the Devil,
For curfed gold? The root of ev'ry evil!

MURPHEY.

O, by St. Patrick! give me that fame root,
You, or the Devil, may take all the fruit.
Which is my way to Citron?

MANLY.

Right a-head ;
But be affured, Manly is not dead.

MURPHEY.

I say he is! and were he here to try it,
I'd cut his windpipe if he did deny it.
Shipmate, farewell! Succes to my departure!

[Exit.

MANLY.

Thy callous soul for fordid pelf to barter!
Pernicious gold! what havock do'st thou make,
One half mankind are villains for thy fake:
To gain Honoria to some wretch's bed,
That knave is brib'd to swear that I am dead ;
But I will meet them face to face, and see
Which best shall prosper, truth or perjury.—[Exit.

SCENE—CRABTREE'S *House*.

CRABTREE and DUPLEX.

CRABTREE.

Yes, you shall have my Daughter, and I'll give her,
Ten Thousand Pounds the very day you have her.

DUPLEX.

I thank you, Sir; but as a man of honor,
I would not wish you to impose upon her
A task too hard; by forcing her to wed,
Before she be convinc'd that Manly's dead:
This very day I will produce a Man,
To prove the fact; deny it then who can.

CRABTREE.

But tell me, Duplex, is Honoria kind
When you address her? How seems she inclin'd?
I've seen her blush, and turn her face aside,
When you have woo'd her: was it love, or pride.
I also have observ'd her cautious eye
Glance upon you, then I have mark'd her sigh.

DUPLEX.

That is an art which Females often gain,
To tell their pleasure with an *air* of pain.

CRABTREE.

If it be so, then Manly is forgot.

DUPLEX.

It makes no difference whether so or not:

Your Daughter must her Father's will obey.

CRABTREE.

Ay, right or wrong, I like to have my way.
A Parent sure his Daughter may command,
To give her heart where he bestows her hand;
She to my orders shall obedient prove,
I'll make her marry, you must make her love.

DUPLEX.

I shall, no doubt, by every means endeavour,
To merit yours, and gain Honoria's favor.

(Sings.)

First when Love obtains possession
Of a youthful Female's heart ;
Loath to make the fond confession,
Close she hugs the pleasing smart :
While the fragrant poison's flowing,
Rapid thro' each swelling vein ;
All her sweet confusion showing,
Painful pleasure! pleasing pain!
Yet she labours to conceal it,
By her ineffectual art ;
Each device but more reveals it,
More betrays the wounded heart :
Watch her bosom's palpitation,
Mark the action of her eyes ;
Sighs and glances own the passion,
Which the tutor'd tongue denies,

Now Sir, by your permission I'll depart.

CRABTREE.

Yes, for a little while with all my heart :

But I shall soon expect you back again.

DUPLEX.

I do not mean long absent to remain.

[Exit DUPLEX.

CRABTREE.

There, *ece-homo!* Manly was an elf!

I love this Man, because he's like myself.

(Sings.)

Duplex is the Man,

Deny it who can,

With whom a young Woman may venture;

And feel no dismay,

To hurry away,

In wedlock's soft bondage to enter.

He's comely and stout,

Courageous, no doubt,

Well able to guard and protect her;

So vers'd in the art,

To win a Girl's heart,

Too wise or to flight or neglect her.

[Enter BIDDY.

BIDDY.

Lord blefs me, Sir! what is it makes you roar so?

Has any body trod upon your fore toe?

CRABTREE.

Begone, you jade! or by great Marlborough dead,
I'll lay-my crutch about your saucy head.

BIDDY.

Do if you dare; I'll scream, and bite, and
scratch ye.

CRABTREE.

I'll break your pate.—[*Running from him.*

BIDDY.

Nay, stop Sir, till you catch me.

CRABTREE.

Come here, I say! I'll thump your wicked scull.

BIDDY.

I thank you; but I am not quite a fool.

What, do you take me for a Moth or Fly,
To see the fire, rush into it, and die.

CRABTREE.

No. You're a saucy, pert, mischievous vixen.

BIDDY.

And you're a *butt* to play mischievous tricks on.

[*A knock at the Door, BIDDY going to open it,*

CRABTREE *drives her away and takes a Letter.*]

CRABTREE.—(*Reading the directions.*)

For Miss Honoria Crabtree—very well!

What is't about? But the contents will tell.

[*Going to open the Letter, BIDDY snatches it from him.*]

BIDDY.

That's not the way Sir, I can tell you better,
Than like a Thief to ope your Daughter's Letter.
The Law would hang you for't.

CRABTREE.

Slave, hold your tongue!
I am a *Justice!* how can I do wrong?
Minx! Baggage! Huffy! bring that Letter here,
Or you this day shall leave my house, I swear.

BIDDY.

Then mine will be like some good Statesman's
case,
For being honest, I must lose my place,
To please some Rogue.

CRABTREE.

Out, *Gipsy!* I won't hear it!
Such impudence! what Man alive can bear it?
Wife! Daughter! come and stop this Beldam's
talking.

BIDDY.

They hear you not, for they are gone a walking.

CRABTREE.

But I will make both thou and them obey.

G

BIDDY.

That is no easy task.

CRABTREE.

Begone, I say!—[*Exit* BIDDY.

CRABTREE.—(*Sings.*)

The tongue of a Woman is like a Windmill,
For while it hath wind it never stands still;
But goes all the day without ceasing or lagging,
Nor ever grows weary, tho' always a wagging.
Of all plagues we suffer, no plague is so bad,
Odzooks, 'tis enough to drive a Man mad!
The more he endeavours to keep the pest under,
The quicker its motion, the louder its thunder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a rural Walk, at a small distance
from CRABTREE'S House.*—Mrs. CRABTREE
and HONORIA.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

Be not afraid; your Father shan't compel you
To marry Duplex; mind now what I tell you;
I have another object in my view,
Will make a better match, my dear, for you
Than that vain boaster.

HONORIA.

Madam, on my life,
I'm in no hurry to be made a Wife.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

At sweet sixteen my maiden reign was o'er,
And you at Christmas will be twenty-four:
Lord bless me, what an age! I grow afraid,
You'll die at last, a petulant old Maid.

HONORIA.

I rather so would wish to spend my life,
Than be a Blockhead's or a Coxcomb's Wife;
But I will do what honor shall approve,
And marry no Man, but the Man I love.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

Weak, silly Girl! that method's out of fashion!

HONORIA.

I'll never wed thro' any other passion.
All couples ought to suffer endless smarts,
Who join their hands, when love don't join their
hearts.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

I cannot think what makes you so romantic;
A lack-a-day! I fear you will run frantic?
Love! What is love? all genteel folks disclaim it,
You vulgar thing! you should have blush'd to
name it.

Learn to be wise from my discreet example.

HONORIA.

That wisdom's base, which would on honor
trample!

I promis'd Manly to be just and true,
And I'm determin'd to fulfil my vow.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

But Manly's dead; that Duplex can attest.
Why nurse a lifeless image in your breast?

HONORIA.

If he be dead, his death I'll ever mourn,
Or if he live, I'll wait till he return:
No other Man shall my firm passion move.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

O what a lump of everlasting love!
Had you been married to the Man, I know,
He would have been forgotten long ago;
Few Women like long Widows to remain,
One Husband lost, they soon another gain.

HONORIA.

That will not be my case, believe me Mother,
One Man I love, but ne'er shall love another.

(Sings.)

When once a gentle cooing pair
Of fond enamour'd Turtle Doves,
Their tender sentiments declare,
Each faithful Bird forever loves:
Thro' ev'ry change of checquer'd fate,
And never knows a second Mate.
So shall my faithful heart remain
Unto my plighted honor true;

Nor would I, India's wealth to gain,
Retract, or break my sacred vow :
But constant to my Fred'rick prove,
And never know a second love.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

I would not say so much for any Man ;
Were my dear Husband dead, I'd wed again.

[Enter BIDDY, running.]

BIDDY.

O Madam ! Miss ! do from his vengeance save me !

Mrs. CRABTREE.

What is the matter, tell me quick, I crave thee.

BIDDY.

My Master swears he'll kill me, surly creature !
Because I snatched Miss Honoria's Letter,
Which he had in his clumsy fingers got,
And would have broke it open, had I not.
There—take it Miss.—[Gives it to HONORIA.]

HONORIA.

I thank your honest care.

But sure my Father may his anger spare.
She only did as a good Servant ought.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

Your Father is an old officious Goat !
When e'er a Letter comes, if I receive it,
I do unopen'd to my Daughter give it ;

Because I know she will no secret smother,
From such a good, indulgent, loving Mother.
Would you Honoria?

HONORIA.

Madam, I had rather
Disclose my mind to you.—But see, my Father!
[Enter CRABTREE.—BIDDY runs out.]

CRABTREE.

A faucy vagrant! I will let her know,
None dare detain her, when I bid her go.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

Pray, Mifter Crabtree, are you going mad?
What ails you now?

CRABTREE.

That strumpet! that vile jade!
From this day forth, no more shall find a home
Within my house.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

How dare you fix her doom,
Without consulting me?—What has she done?
Biddy, come here—Where is the Foolscap gone?

HONORIA.

Madam, I'll go and fetch her back again.

[Exit HONORIA.]

Mrs. CRABTREE.

Your drinking, Spouse, I think has turn'd your
brain.

CRABTREE.

I do command your clam'rous tongue to cease,
And not distract your Lord and Master's peace
With that loud tongue.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

O Lord! what do I hear?

Can any Woman such vile usage bear?
Brute! Idiot! Sot! why will you not be quiet?
What can you mean by making such a riot?

CRABTREE.

I mean to make you own my legal sway,
And to my sovereign will obedience pay;
Turn from our service that damn'd saucy jade,
Our Daughter's imp.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

She is as good a Maid,
As ever clean'd a house, or made a bed:
Turn her away? I'd rather you were dead.

CRABTREE.

I charge you, Madam, to be mild and civil!
A scolding Woman is the very Devil.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

It's false, I say! no Woman ever can
Be half so bad as a rude foolish Man:
Wretch, Maniac, Booby, Blockhead, Woman's
curse!

Nothing can be so bad, but you are worse.

CRABTREE.—(*Sings.*)

The Man who is tir'd of a peaceable life,
Has nothing to do but to get him a Wife,
To scold and to flout,
Or whine, sigh, and pout,
And load him with care, trouble, mischief, and
strife.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

The Woman that's weary of comfort and ease,
Needs only a Husband to murder her peace,
Her will to controul,
And rack her poor soul,
With cares, pains, and sorrows that never will cease.

CRABTREE.

A pert, scolding Woman is life's greatest curse!

Mrs. CRABTREE.

No, no, you mistake, a dull Fellow is worse!

CRABTREE.

I'll make you obey!

Mrs. CRABTREE.

First find out the way!

A Woman can never be govern'd by force.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*End of Act First.*]

A C T II.

*The SCENE continued.*HONORIA.—(*With the Letter in her Hand.*)

I thank thee, gracious Heav'n! he still survives;
 This welcome Letter tells me Manly lives:
 But what augments my happiness the more,
 Is safely landed on his native shore:
 And by this time he must be very near,
 For he's requested me to meet him here.

(Sings.)

How like an age each tedious hour,
 So slow the lazy minutes move,
 Which fly commission'd to restore
 To me, my long sequester'd love:
 Ah! would Time's heavy pulse but beat
 In concert with my flutt'ring heart;
 How soon I should my Fred'rick meet,
 No more to feel the pain to part.

Enter MANLY, speaking as he enters.

What do I hear? It makes my soul rejoice!
 Is it an Angel's, or Honoria's voice?

HONORIA.

Who names Honoria?

MANLY.

One, to whom her name,
 Is dearer far, than glory, wealth, or fame.

H

[50]

HONORIA.

It is my Fred'rick!—[*Running towards him.*

MANLY.

Welcome to my arms!

This, this is Heav'n! blest with Honoria's charms!

[*They embrace.*

HONORIA.

Is Fred'rick still to his Honoria kind!

MANLY.

Fast as my soul is to my body join'd,
To my Honoria, is my faithful heart,
That nought but Death can ever make them part.

HONORIA.

Then I am happy, beyond Fortune's power,
Care, grief, and pain, shall wound my breast no
more,
Since Manly's true.

MANLY.

But are you not surpris'd,
To see me thus? Seem I not much disguis'd
In this rude habit? Recollect, my dear,
You gave your heart unto an Officer.

HONORIA.

Sure Manly cannot so suspicious seem,
To think I lov'd his office more than him;
Honoria's soul, no sordid passion moves,
'Tis not the Title, but the Man she loves!

Base must that Woman be who meanly can
Regard the rank, if she doth love the Man.

MANLY.

Good, gen'rous Girl! how noble! how sincere!
But it is true I a commission bear
Of goodly worth.

HONORIA.

Talk not of rank or state,
They cannot move my love, they may my hate.

(Sings.)

Let vainer Girls, with scornful pride,
The humbler walks of life deride;
Devote their hearts to pomp and state,
Among the giddy, proud, and great:
The greatest bliss I wish to prove,
Is to possess the Man I love.

MANLY.

If Heav'n would grant to me the power,
To cull from life's exhaustless store,
The richest treasure I could find,
To bless my heart, and charm my mind:
Amongst the whole, I should approve
One matchless prize, the Girl I love.

[Enter BIDDY undiscovered by them, looking at

MANLY with contempt.]

BIDDY.—(*Aside.*)

Lord bless me, what a creature! Is't a Man?
I think it looks like Shakespear's Caliban,
And she Miranda—What am I to do?
She's not afraid, why then should I be so?
Mifs! Mifs! I come half out of breath to tell you,
That Captain Duplex, and a dirty Fellow
In canvas petticoats, are both together
In serious conversation with your Father:
I heard the brute say, (but I think he lied,)
That he was present when young Manly died.

HONORIA.

I thank you, Biddy, for the information;
Go, and I'll follow.

BIDDY.

But what rais'd my passion,
Your Father swore, if God preserv'd his life,
You should to-morrow be the Captain's Wife:
It vex'd me so, I could have stop'd his breath,
And baulk'd them of the wedding by his death.

MANLY.

A noble Girl! what an heroic spirit!
By all that's brave I will reward her merit.
Here, take this trifle.—[*Offers Money, she refuses it.*]

BIDDY.

I serve that Lady,

And for my labour she doth amply pay me:

'Tis true, I'm poor, nor seem you stock'd with
riches,

So keep your cash to buy you coat and breeches.

[Exit.]

MANLY.

Such saucy pride I dearly do admire,

It is a spark of more than vulgar fire.

HONORIA.

Did you attentively note what she said?

Duplex attempts to prove that you are dead:

Oh, Manly! did you know what modes of art,

Have been employ'd to thrall my feeble heart;

'Twould make you wonder how so weak a soul,

Could courage find to stand against the whole.

MANLY.

Towns, Castles, Forts, to art and strength must
fall,

But steady virtue can outbrave them all:

Well do I know what they are now about,

For as I hither came, I found it out;

By opportunely meeting with a Man,

Who foolishly declar'd their impious plan.

And I at large the Letter have perus'd,

Which tells how we are meant to be abus'd.

HONORIA.

Then let us, Manly, quickly haste along,
To meet those foes who mean to do us wrong.

MANLY.

With all my soul! but give me leave to try,
To what a height their insolence can fly;
Let us with patience all their falshoods bear,
Then to their shame, I will myself declare.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to an Apartment in CRABTREE'S House.

CRABTREE, DUPLEX, and MURPHEY.

CRABTREE.

I never heard before of such a knave;
But let his sins rest with him in the grave.

MURPHEY.

That's as the water plaifes; for the elf,
Digg'd his own grave in the salt sea himself;
We launch'd him in, his sins too, (for he'd got
'em,)

To *lift* his body sooner to the bottom.

CRABTREE.

Ev'ry such villain ought to lose his life:
Now I'll go fetch my Daughter and my Wife,
To hear that honest Man.—Do you, Sir, wait

[*DUPLEX bows.*

'Till I return.——[*Exit* CRABTREE.

MURPHEY.

O *fait*, I'll take a *fate*.—[*Sits down*.
My legs grow lazy with so much fatigue.

DUPLEX.

Can you be tir'd with walking half a league?

MURPHEY.

No, no, I never tire, my pins are good,
Only I'm easier now, than when I stood.

DUPLEX.

Well, as you like.

MURPHEY.

Suppose old Crab stay long.
I shall grow sleepy.—Can you sing a song?

DUPLEX.

I'll try to please you, Murphey, If I can.

MURPHEY.

O, you're a jewel of an Irish Man!

(*DUPLEX Sings.*)

Would Fortune now propitious smile,
I should be happy beyond measure;
To reap the fruit of all my toil,
A plentuous crop of golden treasure.

CHORUS.

Say what Men will, 'tis money rules,
In ev'ry office, rank, and station;

All wisdom's sons, (if poor) are fools,
 For pride and folly lead the fashion.
 The lover boasts his fav'rite's charms,
 The hero fights for fame with pleasure;
 I neither wish for love, nor arms,
 Let me enjoy enough of treasure.

CHORUS.

Say what Men will, 'tis money rules,
 In ev'ry office, rank, and station;
 All wisdom's sons, (if poor) are fools,
 For pride and folly lead the fashion.
 I nothing do dislike in life,
 More than to wait a Woman's leisure;
 Yet I will e'en endure a wife,
 For the dear sake of charming treasure.

CHORUS.

Say what Men will, 'tis money rules,
 In ev'ry office, rank, and station;
 All wisdom's sons, (if poor) are fools,
 For pride and folly lead the fashion.

MURPHEY.—(*Rising from the Seat.*)

I gratefully do admire your wisdom, honey!
 Myself would also commit matrimony,
 With a rich prize.—It would be glorious sport,
 To tow the Galleon into Hymen's port,

Your breath's as sweet
As new kill'd meat,
You look so bright as money.

Your glowing cheeks
Are red as bricks,
Your eyes can shoot like cannon ;
A comlier Maid
Sure never stray'd,
Upon the Banks of Shannon.

Poor Murphey's heart,
Is full of smart,
Your charms look so provoking ;
I'll take for life,
You as my Wife,
Damn Murphey if he's joking.

BIDDY.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! what an enchanting finger!

MURPHEY.

Surely I am! my father was a ringer!
My Mother long'd for music: I can sing
More *fwater* than a Bird, or any thing,

BIDDY.

I cannot guess what kind of Bird you mean,
Except a Whore's Bird.

MURPHEY.

Hussy! saucy Quean!

Hub-bub boo, Slut! if you were not a Woman,
I'd dark your daylights, for I care for no Man.

*Enter CRABTREE, Mrs. CRABTREE, HONORIA,
and DUPLEX.—BIDDY whispers to HONORIA,
and retires to the back of the Stage.*

Mrs. CRABTREE.

Is that the Evidence who is to prove,
On what a wretch our Daughter plac'd her love?

DUPLEX.

Yes, Madam, he was present all the times,
That Manly suffer'd for his num'rous crimes.

MURPHEY.

Yes, sure I saw him twelve times rarely bang'd;
Five times keelhaul'd, and I think three times
hang'd.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

The Man is mad, or an egregious dunce,
What cause had they to hang him more than once?

MURPHEY.

On board a ship, the cause to hang a rogue,
It makes him honest, and it stops his grog :
But Manly twice by his broad shoulders swung,
For ducking, joy! then by his neck he hung
To make him quiet ; O, 'twas a *swate* joke,
To see his scull jump bang against the block.

HONORIA.

O, what a Savage must the fellow be !

With all her filken canvas spread to seize
The *soft* embraces of the am'rous breeze.

Enter BIDDY.

Sir, Mistrefs Crabtree bid me hither come,
To tell you she would see you in her room.
So follow me, Sir ; I'll direct the way.

DUPLEX.

I do with pleasure her command obey.

[Goes out with BIDDY.]

MURPHEY.

Now, by *St. Patrick*, all the coast is clear,
And I myself, the only mortal here ;

[Looking round the Room.]

What have we in this room ? O let me see,

[Sees a Watch hanging.]

Come, Master Nick-knack, you must go with me.

[Pockets it.]

*[BIDDY returns sily, and sees him put the Watch
in his Pocket.]*

BIDDY.—*(Aside.)*

Can such a villain's word obtain belief ?

I'm sure he's both a liar and a thief.

He means to take my Master's Watch away,

But by his art he shall himself betray.

[MURPHEY sees BIDDY, and looks confused.]

I

MURPHEY.

Death and perdition! O my joy! my dear!
Sure is it you? how long have you been here?

BIDDY.

Just long enough, if I the truth must own;
Yet if I would, I dare not now begone;
For fear you should unkindly walk away,
E'en at a time when I would have you stay.

MURPHEY.

O, Murphey's soul is *fast* as butter, jewel!
A Sheep or Cow can scarcely be less cruel:
He lov'd you dearly all his life before,
But never saw you till this very hour.

BIDDY.

And this same hour shall our acquaintance end.

MURPHEY.

I thank you, dear, you speak so like a friend.

(Sings.)

Your *grate* long hair,
My joy and dear,
Hangs in so many fine tails;
Each step you take,
It smacks your back,
Just like a cat-o'-nine-tails.
From your sweet lip,
A Bee might sip
His belly full of honey;

MANLY.—(*Aside.*)

By all the powers above! it is O'Connor,
Who makes this bold attempt upon my honor.

DUPLEX.

The greatest villain India ever knew.

MANLY.

Some people might be glad if that were true.
I very well do know the Man you mean,
Young Fred'rick Manly, Captain of the *Queen*;
A third-rate Ship of War; I left him well
Nine months ago at Bengal.

DUPLEX.

Death and Hell!—(*Aside.*)

That cannot be the Man, it is some other.

MURPHEY.

Yes, he is right, he means the Captain's Brother.

HONORIA.

How can that be? he is an only Son.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

His Mother never had a Child but one.

MURPHEY.

It was his Uncle, or his Cousin then,
One name, you know, will do for twenty Men.

MANLY.

Nay, some Men's lives thro' twenty names may
reach,

And they a halter may deserve for each.

MURPHEY.

Dare you on me discharge your saucy spite,
In all my life I never had but eight.

DUPLEX.—(*To MANLY.*)

You surely do forget, Sir, where you are,
You stand in presence of an Officer.

MANLY.

I stand before a villain I despise,
Made up of treachery, deceit, and lies.

MURPHEY.

Now, by *St. Patrick*, I would cut your throat
For half a copper, if you durst turn out.

CRABTREE.

This is an act of wicked circumvention,
To frustrate and defeat my good intention;
Fellow, begone at my command, I say!

[*To MANLY.*

MANLY.

It suits me, Sir, your orders to obey.

[*Exit MANLY.*

DUPLEX.

He says it suits him to depart so soon,
Because he's conscious of the harm he's done.

CRABTREE.

To shew you, Daughter, I your arts despise,
Your Mother's cunning, and that villain's lies;

MURPHEY.

A very tame one if you speak of me.

CRABTREE.

Now are you satisfy'd with what he says?

HONORIA.

I wish to ask a question if you please.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

That without leave you might presume to do.

DUPLEX.

We shall be happy, Miss, to answer you,
Whatever question you may please to urge.

MURPHEY.—(*Aside.*)

Steady, my boy! you'll lose her if you *surge*.

HONORIA.—(*To MURPHEY.*)

If you were there you know the place and time,
Where did he suffer? and what was his crime?

MURPHEY.

What was his crime? the rope did stop his breath,
And all his crimes did with him suffer death;
The place to mention, tho' it can do no harm,
The Sailor's gallows, dear, the foreyard arm.

HONORIA.

I'll hear no more the lies of that false elf.

MURPHEY.

Then you may tell the rest on't to yourself.

HONORIA.—(*To BIDDY.*)

Biddy, my orders to that young Man bear,
Who waits without, and say I want him here :
I have a witness that can prove to you,
That not a word of Manly's death is true.

DUPLEX.

His just assertions, Miss, you can't refute,
Altho' you seem the truth of them to doubt.

HONORIA.

Your just assertions I am bound to trust ;
But all you have asserted is unjust.

CRABTREE.

Daughter, I wish you better manners knew.

MRS. CRABTREE.

Mannners, indeed ! had she been taught by you,
Instead of me, her manners would have been
Just like your own, both aukward, low, and mean.

Enter MANLY.

MURPHEY.

Arrah, my Pilot ! hark ye, brother Tar,
These land-folks won't believe me when I swear ;
Now hear me, Mate, I'll put the case to you,
Say, is not all that I have told them true ?

DUPLEX.

Sailor, if you in India ever were,
You must have heard the name of Manly there.

It is my irrevokable command,
That you to Duplex this day give your hand :
If you refuse, it will so grieve my spirit,
That I forever will you disinherit.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

You cannot make her if she be unwilling,

CRABTREE.

But I can cut her off tho' with a shilling.

MURPHEY.

Aye, that's the way to make her wed him, honey !
Fait, give her nothing, but give him the money.

HONORIA.

I'll due respect to your just orders pay,
But your injustice I must not obey.

(Sings.

Can Heav'n a gen'rous heart ordain,
To heave and sigh with constant pain ;
Because a parent disapproves,
The only Man a Daughter loves ?

May not our Parents lose their sway,
And from the paths of reason stray ;
By their despotic wills beguil'd,
To act unjustly as their child ?

If it be deem'd by Heav'n an ill,
To love against a Parent's will ;

K

Then Heaven and Nature disagree,
For Love is Nature's own decree.

DUPLEX.—(*Sings.*)

If you are desirous for Nature's soft voice,
Your heart to direct, and to govern your choice;
You'll find the rash showers of affection descend,
As often, perhaps, on a foe as a friend :
For love, like a fever, doth seize by surprise,
And duty can only from gratitude rise ;
The stranger may love to obtain his own ends,
But Parents are always both lovers and friends.

CRABTREE.

Aye, to be sure, your reasoning's very good,
It's natural to love one's flesh and blood.

*Enter MANLY in his proper Uniforms.—They all
seem astonished but HONORIA.*

HONORIA.

When out of danger, cowards' courage boast ;
Why are you frighten'd at an harmless ghost ?
You seem to tremble, as o'erwhelm'd with dread,
How can you fear a Mān, you know is dead ?

MURPHEY.

Ah ! Captain, if you come to press me here,
You've no occasion, I'm a volunteer.

MANLY.

Villain ! begone.

MURPHEY.

Fait, if you mean on board,
Murphey is ready to obey your word.—[*Going.*

BIDDY.—(To MANLY.)

Sir, ere you do that wicked rogue dispatch,
Pray force him to return my Master's Watch;
I saw him take it, and he now has got it
Concealed in his left side Waistcoat Pocket.

MANLY.—(Stopping MURPHEY.)
Stand fast, I say!

CRABTREE.—(Running up.)

And quick my Watch restore.

MURPHEY.—(Giving it to CRABTREE.)
Pardon me now, I'll *stale* that Watch no more.
[HONORIA *whispers* BIDDY, *who goes out.*]

MANLY.

Budge not one foot, if you attempt to fly,
Depend upon't, you in an instant die.

(*Shews a Pistol.*)

Now Captain Duplex, as a man of honor,
Answer me, Sir: Is not your name O'Connor?

DUPLEX.

O'erwhelm'd with guilt, confusion and dismay,
Forgive me, Sir.—I know not what to say.

MANLY.

How dare you ask forgiveness any more?
Knowing I did forgive you twice before,

When you in India, to your deathless shame,
 First rob'd my purse, then try'd to blast my fame;
 I then but broke you, and dispatch'd you home,
 When ignominious death was your just doom:
 Yet you again have impudently strove,
 With all your art, to rob me of my love.
 Ask no more mercy from me while you live,
 But that which Justice and the Law will give.

HONONIA.—(To CRABTREE.)

Now, Sir, if I had your commands obey'd,
 How grossly should we all have been betray'd:
 And Manly, and myself, how basely us'd.

MRS. CRABTREE.

He would not care how much you were abus'd.
 Let him but have his foolish humour out;
 For nought is right, except his Worship do't.

CRABTREE.

I'm an old Man, and obstinate 'tis true,
 If I do wrong, which I perhaps may do,
 As well as other Men; I'm sure it is
 Not my design, but judgment acts amiss:
 But by the future, I'll the past atone,
 And my first step's to join you two in one.

MANLY.

I am convinc'd your meaning was the best.
 You wish'd to make your lovely Daughter blest;

Then let not Children fault with Parents find,
For what seems cruel may be meant for kind.

Mrs. CRABTREE.

I always did my Husband's judgment slight,
And now, thank God! I know that I was right.

[Enter BIDDY, with two CONSTABLES.]

MANLY.

Take into custody those two vile knaves.

CRABTREE.

I'll soon be with you to commit the slaves.

(The CONSTABLES seize DUPLEX and MURPHEY.)

MURPHEY.

Now, like a rogue, they'll to a cage commit me,
A sturdy bird, to sing a vagrant's ditty.

(DUPLEX and MURPHEY are led off by the CONSTABLES.)

MANLY.

Thus virtue ever triumphs over vice,
Love over treachery, truth over lies.

(Finale.)

MANLY.

The brilliant Sun may be o'ercast,
And envious clouds obscure his rays;
But when the gloomy reign is past,
He doth with double lustre blaze:
So angel truth may for awhile,
By subtle falshood be oppress'd;

But Heav'n at last is sure to smile,
And make its darling virtue blest.

HONORIA.

Ah! now the dang'rous trial's o'er,
And doubt and fear perplex no more;
Peace, joy, and pleasure fill my breast,
My Fred'rick's true, and I am blest.

CRABTREE.—(*Joining their hands.*)

Your hands permit me now to join,

Mrs. CRABTREE.

And I as freely lend you mine;
I always lov'd my Daughter dear.

CRABTREE.

Then let us join in fervent prayer;

BOTH.

Imploring Heav'n incessantly,
That they may ever happy be;
And in soft wedlock's bands may prove,
The sweet reward of faithful love.

ALL.

And in soft wedlock's bands may prove,
The sweet reward of faithful love.

THE END.

T H E
GENIUS OF LIVERPOOL;
A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

LICENCED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,
AND PERFORMED IN THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, LIVERPOOL,

WITH GENERAL APPLAUSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The GENIUS, Mr. KEMBLE.

NEPTUNE, Mr. BANKS.

COMMERCE, Mrs. KEMBLE.

T H E
GENIUS OF LIVERPOOL.

S C E N E.

A perspective view of the Sea, with a serene Atmosphere, and NEPTUNE seated in his Car, drawn by two White Horses, advances to slow Music, till he meets COMMERCE on the Shore; he then dismounts and addresses her.

NEPTUNE.

WHY is it, Commerce, that of latter years
Thy residence hath been so much confin'd
To *Liverpool*? What fascinating power,
Or spell of potent magic, doth engage
Thy fix'd attention to this fav'rite Town?
As if 'twere blest'd with some magnetic charm,
Peculiar to itself, by worth inherent,
Or auxilliary favor. Can the waves
Of antient *Mersey*'s undulating flood,
Fan'd by the pinions of the western breeze,

Boast more attractive force, more energy,
 Or better welcome than the *Severn's* stream,
 Capacious *Kingroad*, or the northern *Tyne*,
 The *Dee*, the *Lune*, the *Humber*, *Tees*, or *Tweed*;
 And competition hold with silver *Thames*,
 Who ev'ry day a golden harvest bears
 To Albion's capital?

COMMERCE.

Some years ago,
 Sole ruling Sov'reign of the wat'ry world !
 As I, (consistent with my occupation,)
 A friendly visit paid to ev'ry port,
 Subject to Britain's sea-inviron'd Isle,
 I enter'd here, a stranger, little known,
 Save by report, yet held in such respect,
 Such estimation, and high character,
 That thrice they hail'd me from the crowded shore,
 With courteous salutation ; till the banks
 Of fertile *Cheshire*, with responsive peal,
 Join'd in full unison the gen'ral joy.
 Such was the noble welcome I receiv'd !
 Nor did they, like false friends, my first approach
 With seeming transport greet, and afterwards
 Grow cold and faithless : but they treat me still
 With kindness, such as faithful lovers use
 Unto each other, when their hearts are true :

And ev'ry hour, with renovated zeal,
They labour to defend my sacred frame
From ev'ry insult, and from ev'ry ill.

NEPTUNE.

And have their good endeavours met success,
In guarding thee against the barb'rous pow'rs
Of injury and insult?

COMMERCE.

Not insult!
But, hitherto, from injury, dread King!
I've been protected.

NEPTUNE.

Didst thou not suffer
When terrific war his bloody banners stream'd,
Like fiery meteors, over sea and land,
And all at once the hostile swords unsheath'd,
Of *Canadensia*, *Belgia*, *France*, and *Spain*,
In joint attack, against the single arm
Of friendless *Britain*: while the barb'rous Queen
Of ruthless *Muscovy*, (this country's foe,)
Combin'd the various *Scandinavian Powers*,
Tho' neutral, to bear arms: as if bland Peace,
Of dove-like nature, needed the bold front
Of dreadful Mars. Malicious artifice!
Design'd for purposes too base to name.
How didst thou then escape the brandish'd arm

Of vengeance manifold, by all uprear'd,
To stab at *England*, thro' the heart of thee.

[*The GENIUS appears, suspended in a Cloud.*]

COMMERCE.

Behold that gallant form, who sits enthron'd
Upon the bosom of yon fleecy cloud,
Midway suspended between Earth and Heav'n,
With steady, careful, and unwearied eye;
Punctual as Angel Centinal on watch,
Before th' empyreal Palace of dread Jove:
And there behold the Guardian of my safety!
He is a Spirit of peculiar worth,
Fam'd for his many noble qualities,
Of wisdom, valour, truth, integrity,
Deep penetration, enterprising skill,
Stout magnanimity, assiduous zeal;
Bold in atchievement, patient in distress,
In toil unwearied, and in danger brave.
Aided by him, the ineffectual storm
Of threat'ning battle, urg'd it's rage in vain.
He from my brow the peaceful Olive took,
And plac'd the plume of *Pallas* on my head;
Then sent me forth accouter'd and prepar'd,
With all the port and dignity of war.
Nor did I shrink from the adven'trous test,
But, (self-protected) met Britannia's foes

In mortal conflict, rend'ring blow for blow ;
 Firmly resolv'd to vanquish or expire.
 And well my efforts prosper'd, at the cost
 Of *Holland, France, America, and Spain* :
 Who oft beneath my power armipotent,
 Unwilling prizes fell; and own'd the force
 Of British thunder, when from this right hand
 Of *Commerce* arm'd, the dreadful bolt was hurl'd.

NEPTUNE.

Thy rich account bespeaks him great indeed.

[*The GENIUS descends slowly to solemn Music.*]

Say, potent Spirit! by what mighty name,
 Or in what form of cogent courtesy,
 Shall I accost thee?

GENIUS.—(*Coming forward.*)

By a name, dread Sire!
 Not unfamiliar to the ear of him,
 Who wields the sceptre of the spacious main;
 And at whose nod the billows rage or rest:
 I am the guardian of fair *Commerce* here,
 The reigning *Spirit* of this busy place,
 And call'd the GENIUS of fam'd LIVERPOOL.

COMMERCE.

Nor is his care confin'd to me alone,
 Tho' well I know he holds me as the first
 Main object of his love; yet he confers

His smiles benignant upon ev'ry child
 Of *Liverpolia*, whether high or low.
 He prompts the *Rich* to bless the needy *Poor*,
 And makes the *Poor* crave blessings for the *Rich*.
 Provides the houseless *Outcast* with a home,
 Gives an Asylum to the helpless *Sick*,
 The *Hungry* feeds with wholesome nutriment,
 And treats the *cloathless Wretch* with decent garb;
 So the bright universal God of Day,
 His inexhausted bounty pours on all.

NEPTUNE.

Oft have I heard with wonder and delight,
 His peerless fame resounded thro' my realms;
 From sun-burnt *Afric*, to *America*,
 And back to ev'ry *European* port;
 But much I've marvell'd that I never heard
 His name in *India*, or saw his ships,
 Thwarting the torrid *Line*, or rang'd along
 Luxuriant *Asia's* aromatic coast.

GENIUS.

In kind compassion to my wounded soul,
 Your observation spare; enough I feel;
 Nor feels fair COMMERCE less; whose hamper'd
 wings,
 Compulsively are pinion'd to her sides,
 By charter'd Power: nor suffer'd to expand

In copious action, equal to her strength.
 Yet what she dare, she dauntlessly atchieves,
 And well accomplishes. Witness the fleets
 Of deeply freighted vessels, floating mines
 Of various merchandise, (more rich than gold,
 As of more sov'reign benefit to Man,)
 Which crowd our Docks, and fill our Port with
 stores,
 Cull'd from three-fourths of the divided Globe.

NEPTUNE.

I know full well the truth of thy complaint;
 And sorry am I, (as the Ocean's Chief,
 And equal friend of ev'ry British port,)
 To find thy spirit fetter'd, or restrain'd.
 But let this wholesome admonition win
 Thy yielding ear, and on thy mem'ry dwell,
 Never to be forgot. 'Tis not the Man,
 Who boldest ventures, or adventures most,
 That most succeeds; but him whom judgment
 guides,

Or fortune favors. Nor does he fare best
 In gaining wealth, who undertakes the most;
 But he who best conducts the work he has.

GENIUS.

Good seems th' advice, tho' hard and difficult,

M

For enterprising spirits to adopt ;
 Yet I, by constitution strong and bold,
 Unaw'd by danger, or apall'd by fear,
 At friendship's facinating voice can melt,
 Like docile wax, before dissolving fire ;
 And take whate'er impressiion it requires.

COMMERCE.

And, for thy sake, I'll curb my prouder hopes,
 And be contented with the scope I have ;
 For all my soul thro' gratitude is thine,
 My Guardian and my Friend ! nor could I live,
 From thee divided, or without thine aid.

GENIUS.

And I without thy smiles, like a sick flower,
 Abandon'd by the Sun's supporting beams,
 Should droop my head, faint, languish, and decay.

NEPTUNE.

Since the strong flame of undiffembled love,
 Appears reciprocal, it still shall burn :
 Nor will I, like a despot parent, try
 To quench it, or its fervency abate.
 Yet know, heroic Genius ! that fair Maid,
 Of whom thy noble heart enamour'd seems,
 Is not of high, but greatly good descent ;
 The lineal Child of honest Industry ;
 And ere her beauties charm'd thy raptur'd eyes,

Or taught thine heart to beat with extacy ;
 She was my Ward, the Daughter of my care ;
 And from her infancy to this full state
 Of exquisite perfection, I have mark'd
 Her ev'ry step ; for she could not advance
 An atom's length, without the guiding hand
 Of more than human power ; which acts unseen
 To the gross organs of corporeal sense :
 And even while beneath thy patronage,
 She seem'd to live, by thee alone maintain'd,
 Protected and carefs'd ; a greater Power
 Than thine or her's, superintended both,
 And both maintain'd ; making you what you are,
 Meet for each other, that you long might live
 In perfect union ; and together share,
 Health, happiness, prosperity, and peace.

GENIUS.

Most gracious Sov'reign ! take my utmost thanks,
 For all the wond'rous kindness thou hast shewn
 To *Commerce* and to me. Come, charming Maid !
 To these extended arms, which oft hath drawn
 The sword victorious in thy brave defence,
 And sheath'd it in the bosom of thy foes :
 Come to my warm embrace ! hang on my breast !
 And breathe ambrosial pleasures to my soul :

While the expanded pinions of bland *Peace*,
 Spread over us a downy canopy,
 Incessant blessings shedding on our heads,
 Like the reviving dews of bounteous Heav'n.

COMMERCE.

Yes, noble Genius! I will well reward
 Thy matchless courage, tenderness, and care :
 For unto thee such sums of gratitude,
 My lib'ral judging mind considers due,
 That a whole life of labour and of love,
 Devoted to thy service, can't repay.
 Then take this willing hand, thine by desert,
 And make me still thy partner: for altho'
 I seem arriv'd at full maturity,
 Fair, healthful, blooming, beautiful, and strong,
 Without thy kind attention and support,
 I should sink back again to what I was,
 A feeble, tender, sickly form indeed.

GENIUS.

Ere *Liverpolia's Genius* can forsake
 His lovely *Commerce*, tides shall cease to flow,
 The north pole quit his station, the hush'd winds
 To fan the ocean, and the sun to shine.

NEPTUNE.

When souls congenial by good fortune join,
 The issue of their union must be happy.

So may you find it! Yet remember well,
 To whom the obligation of your blifs
 Is justly due: Nor let your judgments err,
 In owning second causes for the first.
 A gross mistake, too common in the world.
 But know there is a POWER who governs all;
 The universal parent of mankind;
 To whom all praise and gratitude is due:
 For, on his bounty, all creation lives;
 And by his gracious Providence alone,
 Commerce can prosper, and her Genius thrive,
 Free from annoyance, danger, or controul,
 To bless the Town and Trade of *Liverpool*,

[*The Curtain falls.*]

T H E
D Y I N G S W A N;
A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN FROM A REAL SCENE AT IFIELD, IN SUSSEX.

BENEATH a weeping Willow's shade,
By Ifield's chrystal brook,
I angling sat, while Fishes play'd,
Meand'ring, round my hook.
The Flocks and Herds luxuriant fed,
The feath'ry Warb'lers round,
Rous'd Echo, from her concave bed,
Responsive to the sound:
Each object seem'd for blifs'd design'd,
(Blifs of the highest zest,)
Where all harmoniously combin'd,
To blefs,—and to be blest:
Save one sad pensive Swan, I spy'd,
In melancholy state,
Sail mournful down the flow-pac'd tide,
That bore her to her fate.

For soon her fainting head she hung,
Close verging to the shore ;
And sigh'd forth the softest song,
I ever heard before.

Her dying notes appear'd to say,
' Adieu to ev'ry joy !
' Death steals my fleeting breath away,
' And I for ever die.'

So, with her life, her music ceas'd,
And all her cares were o'er ;
From pain and pleasure both releas'd,
She dy'd to live no more.

Not so, when Mortals meet their doom,
Far other thoughts must reign ;
Since death's of future life the womb,
That must conceive again.

To live, and die, and still to live,
Belongs alone to Man ;
For did he not a Swan survive,
What better than a Swan ?

THE
BEE;
AN ALLEGORY.

THE wanton, rakiſh, felon Bee,
To riſe bloſſom, ſhrub, or tree,
Advent'rous wings his way ;
Till he the lovely object ſpy,
That ſeems to his enquiring eye,
The moſt luxurious prey :
Then pleas'd in ſportive mood he flies,
Around the ſweet devoted prize,
And ſeems to court and toy ;
With feign'd reluctance firſt aſpires
To filch a kiſs, and then retires,
As if o'erwhelm'd with joy.
But growing bolder by degrees,
He ſoon preſumes it's charms to ſeize,
And cloſe the victim greets ;
Reſolv'd its richeſt balm to taſte,
He ſteals into its opening breaſt,
And ſucks it's virgin ſweets.

Yet soon as he his harvest reaps,
 He from it's plund'red bosom creeps,
 And vilely sneaks away :
 To buzz his conquest thro' each bower,
 How he despoil'd a maiden flower,
 And left it to decay.

So the base Man, by subtle art,
 Betrays the cred'lous Females heart,
 And robs her of her fame :
 Voluptuous riots on her charms,
 Then strays disgusted from her arms,
 And leaves her to her shame.

N

CLWYD'S GOLDEN VALE;

A SONG.

SUNG BY Mr. MEREDITH,

ON THE OPENING OF THE

HON. THOMAS FITZMAURICE'S LINEN-HALL,

IN LIVERPOOL;

AND WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

LEWENY's Linen-Hall I sing,
While rapture strikes the vocal string,
And pleasure bids me hail,
With tuneful and exalted note,
The matchless works of *Ballymote*,
In *Clwyd*'s golden Vale.

Fam'd *Ballymote*! upon whose plains,
The flaxen harvest grows and reigns,
'Till *Industry* assail
With skilful hand, to act his part,
And fit it by mechanic art,
For *Clwyd*'s golden Vale.

Irene thus with *Cambria* join'd,
Like loving Sisters, good and kind,
To flourish cannot fail;

While by their Parent *Albion* blest'd,
 Approv'd, encourag'd, and carefs'd,
 In *Clwyd*'s golden Vale.

Then may the Sun of Fortune's beams,
 Still court the ground, and kiss the streams,
 And Summer's smiles prevail;
 To chace misfortune's ev'ry gloom,
 And make the Linen Lillies bloom,
 In *Clwyd*'s golden Vale.

☞ *Lleweny*'s Linen-Hall is the place where the Linen is to be sold in *Liverpool*.

Ballymote, in *Ireland*, is the Estate of Mr. FITZMAURICE, where the Flax is grown, dress'd, spun, and wove.

The *Vale of Clwyd*, in *Wales*, is a beautiful spot where the Linen is bleached.

A N

ODE TO BENEVOLENCE.

STRIKE, strike the music-kind'ling wires!
 And let each raptur'd sense,
 Pay to divine *Benevolence*,

The song of praise, that gratitude inspires :
 On such a theme, Creation's ruling God,
 Well pleas'd, confers his approbative nod ;
 And bids his Angel Choirs on high,
 Their golden Harps and silver Timbrels ply ;
 Till Heav'n and Earth combine,
 And Gods with Mortals join,
 In gen'ral harmony.

Sweet, fair, celestial POWER !
 Of potent *Love*, and tender *Pity* born ;
 Blest be the kind auspicious hour,
 That gave thee birth !
 The clouds of grief to dissipate
 From this dark woe-invelop'd Earth ;
 And bid Misfortune's hapless Children turn
 From Sorrow's dreary haunts ; nor longer mourn,
 But meet a milder fate.

Benevolence, (how strange !) is most delighted,
 To tread those paths the careless World have
 slighted ;
 Where Nature's healthiest fruits are often blighted,
 By sharp Affliction's poisonous breath,
 Pregnant with anguish, pain, and death,
 In various horrid forms :
 Where Fate's resistless storms,

No lenient respite grant,
 From keen corroding want ;
 Or fateless hunger dire ;
 Which like relentless fire,
 Drinks up each health supplying juice,
 And daily drains
 Life's renovating veins,
 And counteracts their use.

Nor likes she less to search the gloomy cells,
 Where shame-fac'd Poverty securely dwells,
 Unpopular, avoided, and disdain'd ;
 Without a friend,
 In time of utmost need,
 To give, or lend
 The necessary meed :
 For 'tis her sov'reign joy,
 The wretched to supply,
 And tender kind relief,
 To ev'ry child of grief,
 Oppress'd by fell adversity.

So when inclement Winter reigns,
 The frost-bound streams, and snow-clad plains,
 The leafless trees and naked sprays,
 And all the vegetable race,
 Droop, wither, fade, and sadly seem to mourn ;

Till gay exhilarating spring,
 On Zephyr's undulating wing,
 Proclaims his glad return :
 And smiling Sol with chearing beams,
 The snow dissolves, unbinds the streams,
 Calls forth the vegetable train,
 And plants with flowers the dappled plain,
 New garbs the trees with vernal green,
 Till all the variegated scene,
 Ten thousand diff'rent ways,
 Proclaim the gen'ral Benefactor's praise.

A

M O N O D Y,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

JOHN BLACKBURNE, Esq.

WHAT means that gorgeous solemn scene of
 woe?

That awful cavalcade, that moves along
 In stately order, regular and slow,
 Amidst a numerous melancholy throng.

Or why that cloud of sorrow, which appears
 To spread its gloom o'er each reclining head?
 Why ev'ry eye immers'd in briny tears?

Why, (answers Fame!) *because a good Man's
 dead.*

- ' Who can restrain the sympathetic sigh,
- ' Or check those pearly beads of gen'rous woe,
- ' Which start spontaneous from each grief-fraught
 eye,
- ' And down each cheek in gems of sorrow flow?
- ' *Blackburne* is dead! *Blackburne* the good and kind!
- ' Just, faithful, hospitable, and sincere!
- ' In whose blest bosom ev'ry virtue join'd,
- ' That Youth could imitate, or Age revere.
- ' He was a man so *destitute* of ill,
- ' And so renowned for *transcendant* worth;
- ' That even *Envy's* snaky tongue is still,
- ' While honest Candour breathes his praises
 forth.
- ' Who ever knew him turn a *callous* ear,
- ' To the soft plaintive murmurs of distress?
- ' Or treat abash'd misfortune with a sneer?
- ' Or see, *without relieving*, wretchedness?
- ' His heart, his purse, his gates, all open stood,
- ' With courteous invitation, to restore

- ‘ Health to the Sick, and to the Hungry, food,
‘ Cloaths to the Naked, bounty to the Poor!
- ‘ How fine a lesson to our modern youth!
‘ (‘ The giddy sons of vanity and pride!)
- ‘ His mem’ry offers by the voice of truth,
‘ To be their council, comfort, friend, and
guide.
- ‘ His mind with skill, his heart with goodness
fraught,
‘ From vice and folly, innocently free;
- ‘ He both by precept and example taught,
‘ Life’s worthiest science, *what a Man should be.*’

FELIX AND SYRENIA;

A TALE, IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

SYRENIA was the fairest deem'd
Amongst the virgin train ;
And Felix was by all esteem'd
The most accomplish'd Swain.
She ev'ry winning charm possess
Of person, mind, and face ;
And he in equal sort was blest
With ev'ry manly grace.
As if kind Fortune, fond of both,
A partial scheme had laid,
To give the Maid the worthiest Youth,
The Youth the loveliest Maid.
Their gen'rous hearts above deceit,
No room for flatt'ry found ;
But both by words and actions *meet*,
A mutual passion own'd.

O

And tho' to her propitious fate,
 Had greater treasures giv'n ;
 She nobly look'd on wealth and state,
 As the least gifts of Heav'n.

A noble mind, with wisdom fraught,
 And form'd in Virtue's mold,
 Of more intrinsic worth she thought,
 Than pageantry or gold.

The wealthy Fool, and titled Knave,
 She held in like disdain ;
 And scorn'd each mercenary Slave,
 Who cou'd be bought for gain.

Not so, the ag'd Mercenia thought,
 (By avarice beguil'd,)

With sordid wealth alone she sought,
 To bless her only Child.

Thro' folly, prejudice, or pride,
 To ev'ry merit blind ;
 As if each blessing life supply'd
 To riches were confin'd.

False, ill-form'd notion ! dang'rous rock !
 Which Parents seldom shun,
 Or find their error, till the shock
 Reports their hopes undone.

Read Parents then my piteous tale,
 And let the sequel prove,
 How little selfish schemes avail,
 Opposed to real love.

Right well Syrenia's Mother knew
 Her Daughter's gen'rous heart;
 And from her ev'ry secret drew,
 That duty could impart.

Nor did she hesitate to name,
 The youth she truly lov'd;
 But held it mean to hide a flame,
 Her virtuous soul approv'd.

Young Felix, Madam, is the Youth,
 Whom I alone approve;
 His bosom is the throne of truth,
 And all his soul is love.

Affection springing from his heart,
 So sparkles in his eyes;
 One need but look to catch the dart,
 That thro' one's bosom flies.

And then, he speaks in such sweet strains,
 His words such thoughts inspire;
 They make the blood rush thro' one's veins,
 Like streams of liquid fire.

Young Felix! did my Daughter say?

(Exclaim'd the haughty Dame,)

' Will you your fortune throw away,

' And bring yourself to shame;

' By wedding with a Man so low?

' Forbid it gracious Powers!

' His portion all the world doth know,

' Is less than half of yours.

' Repent, rebellious Girl! your crime,

' And act a duteous part;

' Or in a little space of time,

' You'll break my aching heart.'

Syrenia interrupted mild,

Your cruel charge forbear;

Nor wound the feelings of your Child,

With language so severe.

I never swerv'd in word or deed,

From what I duty thought;

But ever took peculiar heed,

To guide me as I ought.

And still to sacred justice true,

My steady mind shall prove:

Duty shall have it's ev'ry due,

And shall not gen'rous love?

To Parents we obedience owe,
 And rev'ence them we must;
 While their dictates from reason flow,
 And their commands are just.

But when thro' av'rice, pride, or spite,
 They wrong injunctions lay;
 All-judging Heav'n, can it be right,
 Their orders to obey?

- ' Peace, obstinate unnatural Girl!
- (Th' enrag'd Mercenia said,)
- ' Will you direct destruction hurl
- ' Upon your Parent's head?
- ' Is this the kindest, best reward,
- ' For all my pains and cares?
- ' To treat with sov'reign disregard,
- ' My tend'rest, gent'lest prayers?
- ' Henceforth I'll use severer sway,
- ' Audacious Rebel know;
- ' I'll make your stubborn heart obey,
- ' Prepare with me to go
- ' Far from your fav'rite Beggar's view,
- ' To dwell with me secure:
- ' Where Felix never shall pursue,
- ' Or dare to see you more.'

O'erwhelm'd with anguish and dismay,
 The trembling Damsel stood;
 Unknowing what to do or say,
 For horror chill'd her blood.

Grief made her dumb, and crouding fears,
 Transfixt her to the place;
 While from her eyes fast flowing tears,
 Cours'd down her woe-stain'd face.

So have I seen, surcharg'd with rain,
 A Lilly droop it's head;
 Compell'd beneath a load of pain,
 Ambrosial tears to shed.

Yet in contempt of shame or dread,
 The Dame relentless still;
 By arbitrary folly led,
 Pursu'd her barb'rous will:

And forc'd the hapless Maid away,
 By dint of cruel power;
 Where Felix ne'er cou'd chance to stray,
 Or see his charmer more.

[*End of the first Part.*]

FELIX AND SYRENIA;

A TALE, IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

NOW let each Parent, Lover, Friend,
Consider Nature's laws;
And own if Justice can defend
The tyrant Mother's cause?

Had Felix been Knave, Rake, or Fool,
Or Coxcomb puff'd with pride;
She might have us'd severe controul,
With reason on her side.

But he was all a Youth cou'd be,
By Nature's nicest plan;
As form'd by Heav'n's supreme decree,
To shew the finish'd Man.

Yet in Mercenia's jaundic'd eye,
He no respect cou'd hold;
For she no beauty cou'd espy,
In any thing but gold.

Hence she assail'd Syrenia's ear,
 (As love or anger led,)
 With mild advice or threat's severe,
 Till twice nine months had fled
 Since last the hapless Maid had seen
 Her Love, or from him heard ;
 Nor had one Letter sped between,
 To tell how either far'd.

Tho' many a melancholy scrawl,
 The wretched Damsel wrote ;
 Her watchful Parent seiz'd them all,
 Not one young Felix got.

Thus plung'd in sorrow and distress,
 The melancholy pair,
 Give up all hopes of happiness,
 And sink into despair.

The roses which were wont to blow
 On sweet Syrenia's face,
 Now palid turn, and cold as snow,
 And lose each blushing grace.

Her eyes, (to which the Diamond's blaze
 A faint resemblance bore,)
 Bedim'd with grief, now lose their rays,
 And charm the world no more.

The coral tints her lips forsake,
 The tears of sorrow flow
 Adown her pallid cheeks, and make
 The sickly lillies grow.

Day after day, faint and more faint,
 Grows the declining Maid ;
 Her spirits all worn out and spent,
 Her stock of health decay'd.

Distress'd, and sick with care and grief,
 She yields her vital breath ;
 And seeks her only last relief,
 In the still arms of death.

Without a sigh her spirit flies,
 To where all ranks are ev'n ;
 She Felix! Felix! Felix! cries,
 Then wings her flight to Heav'n.

The cruel Mother, now too late,
 Bewails her Daughter gone ;
 But weakly lays the blame on Fate,
 For what herself had done.

Felix, who never could obtain,
 (While sweet Syrenia liv'd,)
 One line t' allèviate his pain,
 A letter now receiv'd.

So quick unwelcome tidings fly,
On Fame's too ready wing;
While the slack Messengers of Joy,
Their news but slowly bring.

With tremb'ling hand the fable seal,
The Youth impatient broke;
And in an instant prostrate fell,
Nor could sustain the shock.

At length he rais'd his aching head,
To ease his woe-fraught mind;
' And is it thus at last,' he said,
' That I Syrenia find?

' Clasp'd in the clay-cold arms of death,
' Ah, cruel Parent know!
' When fate drew forth your Child's last breath,
' You gave the mortal blow.

' Your av'rice was the fatal cause
' Of dear Syrenia's fall;
' Tho' well you knew parental laws,
' You rashly broke them all.

' But all your malice is in vain,
' Altho' you broke her heart;
' In Death we soon shall meet again,
' And never more to part.

- ' For well I know the dismal stroke,
- ' I cannot long survive !
- ' Come Fate, my troubled soul unyoke !
- ' I have no wish to live.'

Then starting up, with frantic brain,

He soon began to rave,

And cry'd, ' Is dear Syrenia slain ?

' O, lead me to her grave !

' No, mounted on yon trembling cloud,

' I see her spirit ride ;

' Stop, stop, Syrenia ! why so proud,

' To spurn me from your side ?

' Now, now, she beckons me to go,

' Spite of her Mother's power ;

' Thus then I part with all below,

' My reign of grief is o'er.'

Then from the scabbard snatch'd his sword,

Quick as a passing dart ;

Nor try'd to speak another word,

But plung'd it to his heart.

Thus Felix and Syrenia died,

Like martyr'd Saints, to prove,

Tho' Parents may o'er youth preside,

They cannot conquer love.

FINIS,

5 JY 62

